

Press-Herald

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No More Troops, Thanks

In his weekly report on state affairs last week, Assemblyman Charles E. Chapel (R-Palos Verdes) asked for comment on the proposal to seek state funds to recruit, clothe, and equip a California National Guard Reserve for duty only in California in the event the Army National Guard and the Air National Guard are called to active federal service.

The 46th District Assemblyman, whose district includes the Peninsula, the western section of Torrance, and the three South Bay cities, reminded his constituents that one division of the California National Guard was sent to Korea during the war there, and that it could happen again.

Mr. Chapel's concern appears to be centered on the availability of troops in the event of rioting such as occurred in the Watts area last August.

We don't share Mr. Chapel's concern. This newspaper believes there are now sufficiently trained troops within a few hours drive of most California areas which could amply meet the most pressing demands.

A few moments spent in thought can dredge up pictures of Marines by the thousands only a few miles south of here at Camp Pendleton; many servicemen at El Toro, March, Norton, and other Air Force and Marine Air bases, soldiers at Fort Ord, and Fort MacArthur; trained Navymen at San Diego and Terminal Island . . . the list is long.

We believe the chances of an insurrection reaching a level which is beyond these capabilities would be remote.

Unless Mr. Chapel has reasons which go beyond those he expressed, we believe he could put his efforts to more fruitful endeavors. Goodness knows, California is a fertile field for a man of his talent.

Others Say:

A Significant Year

The year 1966, when historically recorded, may prove to be one of the most significant in the annals of law enforcement. Whether the references will reflect a service in keeping with the highest traditions of our profession depends primarily on the efforts of each enforcement officer.

Events of the past year give some indication of the monumental tasks facing us in the months ahead. While 1965 was a year of growth and progress, events further pointed up the need for law enforcement to measure up in the fullest extent to the professional concepts of its duties.

As a guardian of justice and order, the police officer cannot dictate the terms or circumstances under which he must meet his obligations. Although law enforcement is not responsible for the social or political conditions which ferment unrest, civil disobedience, and violence, the officer is not free to rationalize or to hedge in the execution of his duty. There are those who charge "police brutality" to detract from their misdeeds, to gain publicity and sympathy for their causes, and to discredit all peace officers. Even so, the policeman is sworn to remain courageously calm and to exercise self-restraint in the face of scorn and ridicule. He cannot afford to be goaded into actions which lend credence to such allegations.

Public trust is built on the respect and confidence inspired by outstanding service. In discharging its responsibilities, law enforcement can follow the objectives and ideals of professional police service to avoid a breach of this trust.

In 1966, we must chart a course of action based on integrity, ability, and perseverance. Each officer of the law should resolve to be a living symbol of trustworthiness and dependability. He must honor his pledge to serve mankind, to protect lives and property, to shield the weak against oppression and the peaceful against violence and disorder, and to respect the rights of all persons to liberty, equality, and justice.

In short, the answer to many of the grave challenges facing law enforcement in the New Year lies in a strict adherence to professional and ethical standards.—J. Edgar Hoover, Director, FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin, January, 1966.

The Heat's On

The heat is on to force the Senate to vote repeal of section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act which permits states which wish to do so to pass right-to-work laws.

All the power of the unions, plus heavy political pressures, are mounted behind repeal. If they succeed, working people will not have a choice anywhere. They will have to join a union, whatever their wishes and beliefs, or lose their jobs. The unions will have a captive membership—a membership that can be gained by ruthless compulsion, instead of being voluntarily gained because of good service to labor.

It promises to be a nip-and-tuck battle. Those Senators who prevented, to their everlasting credit, repeal of 14(b) during the last session, can be trusted to form ranks again. And the hope is that other Senators may have heard from constituents during the between-session period and may have the strength to resist the pressures that will be brought against them.

Right-to-work, no matter what devious and deceptive arguments its opponents may dredge up, is a fundamental right. Without it, no man can be truly free.—Industrial News Review



STAN DELAPLANE

Rio's Festivities Begin With Weekend Practicing

RIO DE JANEIRO — Carnival starts soon after the first of the year with weekend practice parades. The dancers get progressively keyed up to the Carnival. Dance and parade for three days — they get a glassy-eyed, drugged look. It is the wildest, most colorful Mardi Gras you'll ever see.

Get there by Pan American or Varig — (Varig has a first-class dinner service that takes up four of the nine flying hours from New York to Rio.) The best hotels are along the curve of Copacabana Beach. Restaurant Churrascaria Gaucha is good for the barbecue called churrasco. Weather: Hot, humid and rainy.

... our first trip to Europe and wonder whether it is best to go with a tour or go it alone.

I've done it both ways. The advantages of a tour are: Your hotels, meals, transportation, tips, sight-seeing are all arranged for you. Not even a momentary language problem. Against it, I'd say, are: You must go when the group goes. And tours often try to pack in too much. Move too fast. For going it alone: If you find a place you like you can stop awhile. You can change your routing if you like. Against it: You must get hotels (difficult in summer season). Buck the language, the tipping, the transportation.

"If we go alone, we will rent a car. Must we return it to the city where we rented?"

Usually you do. Thought occasionally there's no charge if you're going from one city to another popular

place in the same country. Paris to Deauville, for example. Otherwise, you pay the cost of returning the car to the original city. Hertz seems to have most flexibility. And get one of their mileage-between-European-cities charts here before you go. Helps plan the days — 150 miles a day is enough on European roads.

"For driving in Mexico, how are the roads? How many miles a day can we average?"

Main highways are usually good. But can suddenly develop chuckholes. So I think 50 miles an hour is top speed. You can be into bad road before you can slow down over 50. And Mexican roads aren't fenced much. Always a burro drifting across. (If a burro's head is pointed toward you or in the direction of the road, he's almost certain to cross at the last minute—slowly. If his head is pointed away, he probably won't.)

I average about 300 miles a day in Mexico. Start about 6 a.m. and take a jug of coffee and one of purified water. Stop about 4 in the afternoon. Don't drive after dark. Road work is rarely marked with anything. A tree branch across the highway means something is ahead. Anything from a pile of gravel to a bridge out.

"At one point, our ship will be in Naples for the day and we wonder if there's time to go to Pompeii."

Takes about an hour as I remember. There's an Italian tourist office at the docks. They get you a car —\$10 (without tip as the driver will remind you).

Morning Report:

Bill Moyers, the President's press secretary, did a little bleeding in public the other day over his troubles with newspapermen. It's an old story. Reporters keep asking Mr. Johnson the wrong questions at news conferences.

The right question is naturally the one the President wants to answer. That's why Mr. Moyers says he likes TV and radio better. Over the air, the Boss can say what he wants to say without any embarrassing interruptions.

There's only one drawback to that situation. If the leader of a country can talk on and on without anybody asking improper questions, in no time at all, just about nobody listens to him. And those that do don't believe what they hear.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Foray Into Cellar Yields Bumper Sticker for Wets

THESE FOOLISH THINGS: Who says bumper strips are new? Ernest Molloy, Pres. of Macy's-California, was rooting around in the cellar of his Hillsborough home the other day — and stumbled across an ancient metal bumper strip reading "Repeat the 18th Amendment for Prosperity: (about '31, as a guess) . . . Next time Stan Getz, the saxophone star, crosses the border into California — whango, he'll be slapped with a \$20,000 suit by Jack Yanoff, owner of Basin Street West. Last time Getz headlined here, says Yanoff, he refused to play for a packed house . . . Add good sounds in the night: Johnny Rivers singing his theme from TV's "Secret Agent" at Basin Street West. . . Shades of Tokyo Rose: Now our troops in Viet Nam are being bombarded with propaganda, American records and threats voiced by an English-speaking lady on Radio Peking — who is known, of course, as "Peking Peggy."

CAEN/DI CAMERA: The ads for "The Loved One" that boast: "The picture with something to offend everyone." Especially those who appreciate good movies . . . Elizabeth Arden Graham slipping and falling on the steps of her own salon, picking herself up and limping bravely to her waiting limousine, conjecturing: "How can I sue myself?" . . . Willie Mays at the Domino, training on abalone and buttermilk. . . "King" Louis N. Narcisse, rolling down the street in his seven-passenger Rolls-Royce limousine, the one with crystal chandeliers on the ceiling, velvet curtains, a telephone and a Sony TV; his devoted "subjects" make the monthly

payment . . . Friendship, blenship: Kathy and Bing Crosby at a little theater to cheer their buddy, Mrs. Jimmy French, in "Lysistrata." . . . **ADD SIGHTS THAT STICK:** The Beach Boys, that hot rock 'n' roll group, singing "Singing in the Rain" in the rain — in Artist Walter Keane's pool in Woodside. . . Sober thought: "Mayor Lindsay is amazing. Weeks in office and not one case of violence in the subways!" . . . You know how it is in the lobby of any big medical building: always a mob standing in line for the elevator. Well, couple of days ago, this Little Old Lady rushed into one flailing her umbrella and shouting: "Outta my way, I gotta see my doctor!" A standee, who was jostled by her, pointed out mildly: "We're all waiting to see the doctor." LOL, dead in her tracks: "Well! I knew he was popular, but I never thought he was THIS popular!"

THE TALKTAIL LOUNGE: The Giants don't have Orlando Cepeda on the block, and never did have which'll come as a surprise to a lot of people, including Cepeda. Says a Giant official: "With his questionable knee, who could we trade him for? And with his knee sound, which we hear it is, he's too valuable to let go. But he'll play the outfield, not first base. McCovey owns it!" . . . Claude Jarman went to a party at Kay Starr's in Hollywood recently, and ran into Jane Wyman for the first time since they made "The Yearling" (Claude's Oscar winner) 19 years ago. It was such an overpoweringly sentimental moment that they did what comes naturally: fruged together. Or as to

gether as fruggers can get. . . Actor Tab Hunter, shaggy-haired and barefoot, wandered into a Menlo Park hamburger joint and was hidden in a back booth by the manager, who apologized loudly to the Stanford students present: "I think he's a Cal transfer!" . . . While Jazz Star George Shearing was ill in a Salt Lake City hospital, his faithful guide dog, Leo, was the houseguest of Bill Johns, exec. dir. of Guide Dogs for the Blind. . . Found, the perfect diet: "You eat all you want, and drop the friends who keep telling you you're getting fat."

FILE & FORGET: Amazing the way they make phonograph albums these days. Bing Crosby sat himself down in a local studio and cut a 14-song album — with no musicians present. The accompaniment had been taped by an orchestra in Hollywood and flown here. Jack Jones recently made an album here via the same remote method . . . Lunching with his wife at Bardelli's: Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, England's most illustrious military expert, who recently became Sir Basil Liddell Hart; he was busily leafing through a sheaf of congratulatory cables, one of which read simply "Hooray. M o n t y." "Would that be Field Marshal Montgomery?" inquired a friend. "Whom else?" replied Sir Basil, demonstrating his flawless grammar. . . News to me, among 11,000 other things: That United is the last-major airline to insist that its steward be single. American Airlines, in fact, will now hire divorcees who have their final papers and no children to speak of. My, how the standards do crumble.

ROYCE BRIER

Mansfield Issues Gloomy Report on U.S. and Asia

Senator Mike Mansfield is not a noisy fellow, so when he sees possibility of a "general war on the Asian mainland," we must respect his estimate.

The Senator and four others visited Viet Nam late last year and issued a report. His estimate of general war is the alternative to a ceasefire in the immediate future, and he believes the chance for that is slim. The report said that despite increases of American manpower, the over-all situation today is substantially what it was a year ago. That situation is that the Viet Cong rebels still dominate the countryside, and build

manpower and supply regardless of American bombing of bases and lines, and increasing commitment of ground troops.

The report here tends to contradict the position of Defense Secretary McNamara who, for some months, has been insisting the Americans and South Vietnamese were making headway against the rebellion.

This insistence has been the basis for repeated escalations since last summer on the ground that rebel frustration made this the time to pour in more men for a decision. Clearly any future promises that further escala-

tions will prove decisive are discounted a priori by a year of failure.

One general war allusion in the report reads as follows: "All of mainland southeast Asia, at least, cannot be ruled out as a potential battlefield."

You will note that President Johnson and his aides have not cared to speculate on such a nightmare, but a private citizen may speculate upon it.

"Mainland southeast Asia" must incorporate both Viet Names, Laos, Cambodia and possibly Thailand, not to mention areas of Red China proper. It is certain such a "potential" would require in due time a million-man expeditionary force, but this might be a gross underestimate.

But even a million-man force would require the utmost exertion of the United States in supply alone, far surpassing the Korean problem, and approaching in magnitude the world war problems. (The 9000-mile supply line is taxed to capacity now with 200,000 men in Viet Nam.)

What Senator Mansfield poses, then, is a major war which can become a cataclysm in loss of life and treasure. Present casualty figures give this same scale, running to 25-100 dead a week. In the Civil War, starting with the Battle of Shiloh, April, 1862, mortality on both sides averaged 550 men a day for three years, with thrice that number wounded. That, however, was a survival war — either the Union or the Confederacy ceased to exist with defeat.

It would be hard to sell the American people such a monstrous bill of goods, when all they can get for it is the discomfiture of Red China, and acknowledgment the United States has a sort of Roman invincibility in faraway places. But of course there is no guarantee the Americans can achieve that, provided it is their burning ambition—and it is extremely unlikely it is their burning ambition.

WILLIAM HOGAN

New Study of Washington Probes a Tailored Myth

Against the known facts, the storytellers testified to an abiding affection between George Washington and his mother. The fact is Mary Ball Washington was a grasping, unpleasant old woman who, against all motherly tradition, resented her son's fame. Against high probability, the storytellers insisted young George's relations with his beautiful neighbor, the married Sally Fairfax, were platonic. But Washington's letters to her strongly suggest a youthful affair with her over some years.

Not that these have any bearing on Washington's massive place in history. They merely reveal a persistent conspiracy, starting in his lifetime, to hide the man behind a marble facade. The result was disastrous to sound biography, and it cost him the understanding of the American posterity he did more than any man to bring to being.

Washington was a lusty man with many weaknesses. He was land-hungry, and engaged in some wild deals in the Ohio country. In public

he was aloof and drear, because he was shy and feared the events involving him were too great for his grasp. But he was convivial among friends, and from youth to old age he was something of a wine-bibber.

His land-hunger was interwoven with his stubborn fidelity to America, which propelled him to immortality. His gambling instinct impelled him to gamble all he had, and life itself, for an unfettered America. From youth to old age he had an appalling courage. This is amply made plain in a new biography, "George Washington," by James Thomas Flexner (Little, Brown; 390 pp.; \$7.95).

This writer has not read anything on Washington to compare with this, the first of a projected three volume. Flexner has it all, not the old debunking, but a dogged search for the truth the idolators have so successfully suppressed. The volume takes Washington to the Revolution. If the next two hold the pace, it may become a definitive biography of one of the most illustrious men of all time.

Notes on the Margin—Title of David Schoenbrun's "The Three Lives of Charles de Gaulle," due currently from Simon & Schuster, refers to his having been, during 75 tempestuous years, a soldier of the Third Republic; liberator of the Fourth, and creator of the Fifth.

"Three Plays" by the writer and education critic Paul Goodman is published by Random House (\$4.95). Tricky and unusual dramatic works written over the years since 1942.

"The Unrepentant Pilgrim," a study of the development of Bernard Shaw by J. Percy Smith, is published by Houghton Mifflin. A fresh look at the wit that thrived on controversy based on new sources.

Kenneth Patchen's satire, "Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer," 1945, has been reprinted over the years and is now recognized as a classic of American humor. New directions has just issued a new paperback edition (\$1.65).